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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1904.

Circulation During November

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the Daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of November, 1904, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date	Copies	Date	Copies
1	107,500	16	106,180
2	106,880	17	105,020
3	106,880	18	105,270
4	107,200	19	107,300
5	110,500	20 (Sunday)	124,430
6 (Sunday)	125,580	21	104,870
7	108,330	22	103,110
8	108,910	23	104,010
9	104,000	24	107,800
10	128,490	25	102,780
11	108,710	26	106,700
12	110,600	27 (Sunday)	125,970
13 (Sunday)	125,000	28	103,930
14	106,530	29	103,920
15	105,450	30	102,540

Total for the month.....3,343,300  
Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed.....97,550

Net number distributed.....3,245,750  
Average daily distribution.....108,181

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned and reported unsold during the month of November was 12,24 per cent.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of November.

My term expires April 25, 1905.

W. B. CARR,  
J. F. FARRIS.

HIGH-SPEED DISEASES.

There are few things more fascinating than the automobile. It combines excitement, speed, comfort, motion, fresh air, scenery and mechanical art and luxury. But behind all these lurks a grim specter, whose word is "Thou Shalt Not!" ready to seize and crush us to the earth if we violate too far the laws by which we exist.

One of the delights offered, and almost universally indulged in, is high speeding; but for this the person indulging is often made to pay dearly, because it may cause the body machine, of flesh and blood, to run at too high speed, resulting in overstrain.

The overstrain is of two sorts. The worse of the two is the strain on the nervous system, consequent upon high speed over an uncertain road requiring minute attention to avoid obstacles and other dangers. The eyes are strained to discern the obstacles in time to avoid them; the brain is strained in the effort to decide quickly which way to turn to escape danger; the nerves are strained standing ready to carry signals to the muscles which govern the auto. The messages along these wires hurry after each other trying to shorten the time of delivery, which is exhausting to the operators who have their desks in the brain and the spinal cord. The muscles, too, are in a constant state of strain to save time, being ready beforehand to make whatever motion the mind requires. All these strains naturally affect most all of the person running the auto.

The same type of man as the locomotive engineer is the man for this high-speed work. He is noted for his quick perception, from nerve and imperturbable self-control. Especially stable and at the same time accurate nervous organization is required to drive an auto at high speed with a minimum of bodily wear and tear.

The other strain affects the passengers chiefly. It is caused by fear of a sudden jar or accident. Their muscles are fixed involuntarily, the hands are clenched and the jaws are set; the muscles of the neck are tense, ready to withstand any sudden shock. Meanwhile their eyes strain ahead to their utmost, rapidly scrutinizing the details of the road, which is rushing past swifter than a torrent. To all this, fear and nervousness are often added, causing the whole body and nerves to stand rigid at attention, prepared for any sudden movement.

Says Doctor William Sobier Bryant, M. D., "That an entirely new series of diseases should result from these conditions is inevitable." His article in The Republic's Magazine for next Sunday furnishes a most interesting discussion of these diseases—of "auto-eyes," "auto-legs," various eye irritations from dust and wind; hysterics, sciatica and nervous prostration.

The leading article for next Sunday's number, however, is contributed by Bliss Carman, poet and critic. Serious and pretentious verse is not the specialty of the Sunday Magazine, but Mr. Carman's exquisite story entitled, "The Young King's Madness," narrated in a beautiful versification, illustrated superbly by Carl Hassmann, a newcomer in the art world, makes it an unusually strong feature for any publication.

Belet Burgess's satire on modern literature and art, "The Rubaiyat of Omar Cayenne," is included in this issue.

A splendid variety of literary wares is presented in this number. J. W. Morrissey gives the third installment of his reminiscences of famous men and women. H. L. Horton is represented with a diverting leap-year story, "Miriam Leslie's Proposal." Martha Young writes a short article descriptive of the little negro girls of the South. Ezekiah Butlerworth writes of "Mother Byles," the wit of Boston. Ann M. Maxwell has a good story about a train dispatcher. Agnes Morley Cleveland contributes a tale named "El Burrito," a quaint little animal study.

Then there are excruciatingly funny nonsense

rhymes by Carolyn Wells. Kate Cleary has a woman's club skit; Frank Putnam has an interesting poem for parents. Maurice Smiley writes of a little bedside sweetheart. William J. Lampton descants upon something "Like Mother Used to Make." Where will you find a better menu in a magazine?

## ST. LOUIS REPUBLICANS.

"Improving St. Louis" was the title of an editorial in Saturday's Globe, in which every plan for public work was hit with a gang mallet. The Globe would have no taxation, would have no bond issue, would have no betterment; it prefers that even its own party should be controlled by the misgovernment machine, and that, of course, this machine should be made custodian of the city's money.

This attitude of the morning Republican organ must be both humiliating and discouraging to respectable Republicans. If the Globe's dicta are to govern the party in the next local election, it will be impossible to induce a responsible, competent and progressive man to accept the nomination for Mayor on the Republican ticket. If the reliable, able men in that party are confronted with an alternative of failure in public office or success and self-respect of public, they will feel obliged to keep their self-respect and to let the gangsters stand the shame of misgovernment.

Among assertions denouncing projects for improvements, the Globe said: "If the Republic wants to talk of city improvements on their merits, the matter will receive attention"; and "No genius is required to contract municipal debts. Getting the most for the money is another affair." Both of these remarks indicate that the Globe is not qualified to discuss public questions by a standard of merit; and that, besides being incapable, it is not willing to adhere to the truth. The Globe is not interested in St. Louis and does not care about decency in the local Republican machine, but only desires that its selfish clique may carry elections. This is the whole truth about the Globe, as respectable Republicans are well aware.

Now about the merits of public improvements. For some time the Globe has been calling attention to the dilapidated condition of certain public buildings. It has been asking why these buildings have not been torn down and new ones built. Yet it follows complaints with denunciations of the bond-issue proposition and of the plans for new buildings.

Those rantings imply that the Globe, knowing so much about "the merits of public improvements," has a suggestion for erecting new buildings, constructing public sewers, constructing viaducts and doing other public work without expending any money and consequently without issuing bonds. If the Globe has no suggestion of this kind, then it is plain that the Globe is in favor of retrogression and gangism. The people of St. Louis would like to have the Globe's suggestion.

Perhaps there is a hint of the Globe's plan in the assertion that "No genius is required to contract municipal debts. Getting the most for the money is another affair." Perhaps the Globe refers to the Ziegenhain regime; surely was an administration minus genius. In that case the latter part of the assertion should be altered to "getting the most of the money is another affair."

As a matter of fact, the Globe is playing very low politics; the sort of base politics which will injure St. Louis and prohibit the preservation of good government; the sort of unscrupulous trickery which will disgust and discourage respectable Republicans. There is no man in St. Louis, or anywhere else, who could carry on the improvements proposed without getting the money from the people; and, therefore, if the money is not derived from the people, the improvements cannot be made.

The respectable Republicans of St. Louis ought to put a muzzle on the Globe. St. Louis is through with the gang and with retrogression; it desires good government and progress. The Globe is aligning its party with the policy of the old gang. And if the respectable Republicans are not cautious, the party will have a platform which no capable man could approve. Is the Globe for St. Louis or against St. Louis? Is the Republican party in St. Louis against St. Louis or for St. Louis?

## THE GENIUS OF CONTENT.

There are natures which resist gratification, which crave agitation and sourness, which cannot enter into sympathy with the ennobling conditions of life and which are incapable of responding to the higher sentiments of mankind. If there were not such natures, in these times content and hope would be felt unanimously and there would be no manifestation whatever of dogmatic affliction.

Facilities for happiness never were greater than they are now and in this country. The average man has more luxuries than a prince had only a comparatively short while ago. Society as a whole is well off, and is so organized as to provide the individual with unrestricted liberty and with ample encouragement for effort. The highest positions are open to character. The opportunities for spiritual and mental advancement and for material prosperity are not only unlimited, but are accessible to the very humblest person.

The man who complains about his circumstances in this country, who cannot appreciate the freedom and blessings which he enjoys, who cannot reconcile his heart to the existing order of affairs, and who in his soreness longs for a state which never could be, can only be looked upon as the victim of some disease of temperament. It is not the country which is wrong, nor the people who are wrong; the malady is of his own nature.

## KEEP ON WITH THE WORK.

The Million Club stands for the idea which must prevail henceforth, now that the World's Fair is over and there is a quest for new provinces of activity. It is no longer possible to be indifferent and satisfied. The World's Fair put St. Louis on its mettle, prepared conditions for the realization of prospects, and intensified public spirit. From this time forward there is bound to be an impelling popular desire for greater achievement.

Real signs of tendency already are apparent. November, the last month of the World's Fair, showed an increase in the values of new buildings, for which permits were issued, of more than \$700,000. In fact, the operations began before the close of the Exposition. As soon as the demand for labor in semipublic work decreased, the demand in private work increased. New buildings are going up all over the city, and they are of better quality than the structures which were put up a year ago.

Mr. Festus J. Wade, addressing the Business Men's League last week, drew attention to the substantial benefits of the period. He gave statistics to show that property values, the jobbing and retail trade, the banking and trust business, and the work of improvement have not only increased enormously, but represent stability in progress. He gave figures to show that St. Louis now has at least ten times as many great business concerns as it had three years ago. The day following the close of the World's Fair all records for bank clearings were broken.

The future of St. Louis is the more propitious because the gains are substantial. The city has been making steady progress year after year; and the

World's Fair has been, in a reality, rather a stimulus at the important stage in advancement. Precautions were taken to prevent a boom. As a consequence the progress is normal and permanent.

There are many good incentives, therefore, for cultivating enthusiasm and energy. As Mr. Wade said, the principal desideratum is united action among business men and all organizations; everybody and every association or society should act singly and collectively to promote the general interests.

That is the best method of getting further and even better results. The business men should exploit St. Louis, contribute to public enterprises and work in harmony. The organizations of all kinds should exhibit the same spirit. Even the political organizations should find a common ground; for instance, they should, no matter how they may differ on strictly political questions, approve the proposition for a bond issue for public improvements.

It is necessary to keep on with the work of betterment, to keep on with the same energy which we have displayed for several years. The present is St. Louis's opportunity. If everybody will stay in line and do his best, St. Louis will reach the million mark in population and go well to the front in all respects within a very short time. This is an idea in full accord with the city's motto, "Nothing Impossible."

The town which booms afterwards booms best. A boom as the result of the Fair will be merely the reaping of the legitimate advantage of enterprise, added growth, strength and prosperity. Business and values were not unduly inflated before or during the Fair period. There is no relapse to be suffered. On the contrary, St. Louis is strongly on the up-grade.

The death of Mrs. Gilbert removes a much-beloved woman from the stage which she had graced for sixty years. In the little epilogue of her last play she was wont to come before the curtain and declare that she wished for nothing so much as that we should "keep old Mrs. Gilbert in our hearts." She shall have her wish.

If it is true that enforced idleness begets insanity, as alleged in the case of the Illinois convicts, it is high time that some officeholders resign and go to work.

With every citizen of St. Louis a member of "The Million" club and every member a booster, we shall have a million members in no time.

Could Friday night's fire on the Pike have been started by some warm ember left over from the hot time of the night before?

Russia is said to be prepared to hear of Port Arthur falling. Russia probably has cotton in its ears.

General Assault is the busiest General at Port Arthur.

## RECENT COMMENT.

## Counterfeited Citizens.

Collier's Weekly.  
There are 65,000 fraudulent or defective citizens' papers in Greater New York, 70,000 in Chicago and something less than a million, on a conservative estimate, in the United States. Few of the holders of these have been prevented from exercising the franchise in this year's presidential election, and considerably more than half of them will never be detected, even with a revision of our poor better-skeeter system legislated to fit the conditions of 1902.

Fraudulent naturalization is the widest field into which alien criminals have put their energies, and they have reaped such a harvest that United States District Attorney General Henry L. Burnett, in a conversation with the writer not long ago, termed it "of the caliber of an international conspiracy." It is the work of the Irish politician established in this country with the ready villainy or ignorance of the new-come Hebrew, Italian, Hungarian and Syrian to assist him.

If the alien perjurer, counterfeiter and forger has the excuse of political assistance and imitation in the matter of fraudulent naturalization, he certainly has none in the present flourishing systems of smuggling goods and immigrants—both highly profitable fields of endeavor. In the early days of my investigations on the Continent I was astounded to find that it is commonly understood all over Europe that any man who has been denied admittance to the United States as a criminal, anarchist or person of loathsome and contagious diseases need not despair if he has enough money to fee the smugglers. They laugh at our barriers.

The Ruling Passion.  
Among the dusty tomes that line the study walls I found sweet Marjory one winter's day. Scanning with deep intent a volume, ragged, worn, that seemed within her mind to have full sway, For now she smiled, anon with gloomy frown Chased smile away.

No doubt, I thought, "tis some entrancing tale Of chivalry and days when knights were bold. When storied love was piped by minstrel sung, And love, like all men's hearts, was gold—When love and life were in their pristine youth And ne'er were soiled."

Obsessed to know what dreams of poet's art Could thus beguile and charm my gentle sage I crossed the room; then, bending softly o'er, I kissed her brow and scanned the open page, And read: "The skirts and hats this year are very large, and Red is all the rage."

## That Wonderful Horse, Hans.

Collier's.  
Hans picks out the colors in a chromo or in the ribbon of a decoration and designates them by hoof-beats, referring to the order of the colored squares placed before him. He picks out discords when chords of three or four notes are played, and, what is more, he names the note that harmonizes the chord. When those attending the exhibition are placed in a line before him Hans will pick out the shortest or the tallest. After looking at their photographs he will identify the originals. All the time this is done he has to be bribed with small pieces of carrot, his favorite delicacy, to go on. During a recent experiment he refused totally to answer any of the questions put to him by a German officer, whose monocle and twisted mustache seemed to offend him. Some of the mathematical problems put to him are of a kind so intricate that a child of 10 or 11 would have difficulty in solving them. Hans succeeds nineteen times out of twenty on the average. Herr von Osten has devoted some twelve years to what he calls "the ascertainment of the mental capacity of the horse," and he asserts that Hans has not been, and never will be, placed on exhibition for money.

## A Liberal Education.

Saturday Evening Post.  
The German Emperor has included in the educational plan for his sons, courses in business. Those of our higher educators who are prostrate in snobbish reverence before the mediæval aristocratic educational idea should note this and bestir themselves. If the college is to be in favor with sensible Americans, not only must there be a reasting of its time tables, but also a complete and radical reconstruction of its courses. There must be not a grudging, but a glad recognition of the fact that the Twentieth Century has at least as much right to a place in education as the Fifth Century, B. C.

Some day we shall develop a college that will base itself upon these four pillars:  
Thinking and writing clearly in the English language.  
A knowledge of the history of democracy or the emancipation of man.

A knowledge of taxation—the great fundamental of human society.  
A knowledge of the mechanism of business—how commodities are produced, distributed and consumed.  
A man with such an education would be both competent and cultured.

## WHY WOMEN ARE MORE LARGELY SWAYED BY DESTINY THAN MEN

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

It would seem that women are more largely swayed by destiny than ourselves. They submit to its decrees with far more simplicity, nor is there sincerity in the resistance they offer.

They are still nearer to God and yield themselves with less reserve to the pure workings of the mystery.

And therefore it is doubtless that all the incidents in our life in which they take part seem to bring us nearer to the very fountain head of destiny.

It is above all when by their side that moments come, unexpectedly, when a "clear presentiment" flashes across us, a presentiment of a life that does not always seem parallel to the life we know of. They lead us close to the gates of our being.

May it not be during one of those profound moments when his head is pillowed on a woman's breast that the hero learns to know the strength and steadfastness of his star? And, indeed, will any true sentiment of the future ever come to the man who has not had his resting place in a woman's heart?

Yet again do we enter the troubled circles of higher conscience. Ah! how true it is that here, too, "the so-called psychology is a hobgoblin, that has usurped in the sanctuary itself the place reserved for the veritable images of the gods." For it is not the surface that always concerns us—nor is it even the deepest of hidden thoughts. Do you imagine that love knows only of thoughts and acts and words and that the soul never emerges from its dungeon? Do I need to be told whether she whom I take in my arms to-day is jealous or faithful, gay or sad, sincere or treacherous? Do you think that these wretched words can attain the heights where our souls repose and where our destiny fulfills itself in silence?

What care I whether she speak of rain or jewels, of pine or feathers, what care I though she appear not to understand? Do you think it is for a sublime word I thirst when I feel that a soul is gazing into my soul?

Do I not know that the most beautiful of thoughts dare not raise their heads when the mysteries confront them?

I am ever standing at the seashore and weeping a Flauto, Pascal or Michael Angelo and the woman I loved merely telling me of her earrings, the words I would say and the words she would say would appear but the same as they floated on the waves of the fathomless inner sea that

each of us would be contemplating, in the

Let but my very loftiest thoughts be weighed in the scale of life or love it will not turn the balance against the three little words that the maid who loves me shall have whispered of her silver bangles, her pearl necklace or her trinkets of glass.

It is we who do not understand because we never rise above the earth level of our intellect. Let us but ascend to the first snows of the mountain and all inequalities are leveled by the purifying hand of the horizon that opens before us. What difference, then, between a pronouncement of Marcus Aurelius and the words of the child complaining of the cold? Let us be humble and learn to distinguish between accident and essence. Let not "sticks that float" cause us to forget the radiance of the gulf. The most serious thoughts and the most degraded ideas can no more ruffle the eternal surface of our soul than, amid the stars of heaven, Himalaya of precipice can alter the surface of the earth. A look, a kiss and the certainty of a great invisible Presence—all is said, and I know that she who is by my side is my equal.

I said before that they drew us nearer to the gates of our being; verily might we believe, when we are with them, that that primal gate is opening, amid the bewildering whispers that doubtless waited on the birth of things, then when speech was yet hushed, for fear lest command or forbidding should issue forth, unheard.

She who never crosses the threshold of that gate, and she awaits us within, where are the fountain heads. And when we come and knock from without and she opens to our bidding, her hand will still keep hold of latch and key. She will look for one instant at the man who has been sent to her and in that brief moment she has learned all that had to be learned, and the years to come have trembled to the onset of time.

Who shall tell us of what consists the first look of love, "that magic made of a ray of broken light," the ray that has issued forth from the eternal home of our being, that has transformed two souls and given them twenty centuries of youth? The door may open again or close, ray no heed nor make further effort, for she has decided, she knows. She will no longer concern herself with the things you do or say or even think, and if she notices them, it will be with a smile, and unconsciously she will fling from her all that

Some of the strangest ideas are often revealed, at sacred moments, to these maidens who love, and ingeniously and unconsciously they develop them. The sage follows in their footstep, to gather up the jewels that in their innocence, as if they had developed them, they have thrown away. The poet who feels within him the flame of love in this earth of ours, taken of the celestial fire that irradiates all things, do they not only from their fancies of temples and the mists of ships that wander?

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## SUCCESS DEPENDS UPON THE CHEERFULNESS WITH WHICH WE TAKE UP OUR DUTIES

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

Bulwer Lytton declared that "If there

is a virtue in the world at which we should aim is cheerfulness, which will act like a balm to the suffering souls and bodies, encouraging them to make new resolves and efforts to recover from disease or reform if they have committed crimes.

Cheerfulness is the product of temperament, physical conditions and cultivation. Scientists have undertaken to locate it in the human body; they insist it is a quality of mind and heart.

People are spoken of as being "cheerful and light-hearted," "cheerful minded," as having "a cheerful disposition," or as being "cheerful and heavy-hearted." These possessions are the heaven-born quality of cheerfulness are not easily affected by bodily ills or adversities; to them there is ever a silver lining to every cloud. They above all others are the dispensers of happiness. A cheerful face, like the sunshine, banishes the storm clouds. A cheery smile is a benediction that unconsciously drives away the frowns of the angry or depressed. It is not because the possessor of a cheerful disposition always says the wisest and tenderest things; it is the tone and manner in which one speaks, the expression of the eyes which penetrates to the soul, drives away cares and fears.

Hospital and prison attendants have told some touching stories of the effect of cheerful visitors upon patients and prisoners. On the one hand, the gloomy and depressed of these institutions are so gloomy and depressed that it seems impossible to arouse them. Perhaps unannounced some good angel comes in, passes up and down the aisles, inquiring after the health and welfare of

each unfortunate, graciously extending a word of cheering, or uttering a few words of encouragement and good wishes, which act like a balm to the suffering souls and bodies, encouraging them to make new resolves and efforts to recover from disease or reform if they have committed crimes.

No matter what position people occupy in life much of their success depends upon the cheerfulness with which they take hold of their duties. The cheerful servant is unsatisfactory, no matter with what precision and dispatch the work may be done. If, on the contrary, an employee is always bright and cheery, innumerable deficiencies will be excused and overlooked.

A morose, dissembling tradesman has few customers that cannot be supplied with their wants elsewhere. The busy man who starts with gloomy forebodings and a cheerless countenance will rarely succeed because he advertises his want of confidence in himself by his melancholy face and depressed spirits.

Of all people, however, the wife and the mother should be cheerful; the happiness of the husband and the children depends upon her. If she is low-spirited and melancholy how can the husband come to her for sympathy and encouragement in his business worries? He looks to her for inspiration in all his undertakings. They may sometimes be very harassing, and he may be tried almost to desperation, and if he must go home to a wife whose face is without smile, and who is gloomy and depressed, he is all the more depressed and spiritless. He is all the more depressed and spiritless.

Whereas, if she is merry and bright and insists that the worries he has are trivialities and that they are sure to adjust themselves to his liking or to vanish altogether, nine times out of ten before he is really aware of the fact he has forgotten his troubles. They have faded into insignificance. The mountains that despair builds up by brooding over mole hills can best be removed by cheerfulness.

Many a case of melancholia has developed in both men and women through indulgence in gloomy thoughts and a yielding to low spirits and insignificant physical indisposition. Some persons give way to grief over the death of a loved one to the extent of altogether neglecting the God. They know all must die, and yet they act as if they had no hope beyond the grave. They distress all with whom they come in contact and afflict their families by their tearful eyes, cheerless and weebone faces.

Mothers should remember that their children are destined to become acquainted with grief even though they live, and they should never allow them to see signs of grief over the death of a loved one. They should teach them the vital importance of cheerfulness by never-varying happiness and amiable disposition. How many little ones have first learned there were clouds as well as sunshine by looking up into the tearful eyes of their mothers, and, though unable to divine the meaning of her trouble, have climbed up to their mother's face, and, doubting wonder what the meaning was.

No duty is more obligatory than that of cheerfulness. "What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon him, are the cheerful persons in the home and by the wayside."

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## STUDY THE AMERICAN YOUTH'S HEALTH AND SPIRIT IF YOU WOULD KEEP YOUNG

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

One of the essential points in the problem of "How to Keep Young," is for young mothers to be with their children as much as possible. Let them try it, and later they will agree with me that the only possible way for a mother to keep young and fresh is to spend as much time as possible with her children, and to associate with them as much as possible.

Young people can always be made to associate with their elders. I owe the greatest enjoyment of my life to the fact that I could associate with my father and mother and an elder brother and sister. I have never forgotten what the companionship of older friends has been to me.

When my mother, then over 70, was asked what her chief occupation was, she said that it was talking to young people. And it was always so. When we were children growing up we talked to her and with her about everything we had seen or done. She always made me feel that she was enjoying it all, and I believe she was.

Sarah Bernhardt, who, I believe, is 60 years of age, has a number of young people who take care of her. She understands the art of keeping young, and, therefore, she always keeps with young people as much as possible.

A great mistake that old people are apt to make is to draw away from the younger generation and live a reserved, lonely life among themselves. Nothing is better for a young man or woman of 21 or 22 than a company of young people younger than himself or herself. It is good for a boy of 15 to have companions among men of 30 or older, and for a man of 30 nothing is better than companions among younger people.

Edward Lambert, one of the great from men of the country, now about 90 years old, told me that when he first went to England as the agent of a large company he was 21 or 22. He was correspondent and agent of a large Eastern firm before he was 25.

He attended business councils, dinner parties, visited country places with correspondents and agents of other concerns, and he said that he did not dare to tell how old he was, because the older people with whom he was associating wouldn't

have had the slightest respect for his opinion or for himself had they known his age. He was a mere boy.

That is why I send young men to the West as much as I do. I always say to a young man: